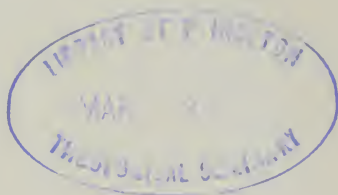


The
CHRONICLE
of the

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1934



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THE

JULY, 1934

PRICE TWOPENCE

CHRONICLE



ROBERT MORRISON, D.D. (of China).—Died August 1st, 1834.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS: ROBERT MORRISON, by Edward Shillito, Marshall Broomhall and Kenneth S. Latourette — ANNIVERSARY ECHOES — THE CHURCHES, OURSELVES AND THE TASK.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

42, BROADWAY, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The RegisterArrivals

Miss Dorothy Hutchinson, from Hong Kong, May 8th.

Miss E. A. Mummery, from Salem, May 29th.
Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Biggin, Rev. and Mrs. E. Shilston Box, and Mrs. D. S. Murray, from North China; Mrs. Rumpus, from Cuddapah, May 11th.

Departures

Rev. and Mrs. R. Haydon Lewis, returning to Kanye; Rev. I. Roland James, returning to Ambohimahaso, per s.s. *Carnarvon Castle*, May 25th.

Births

PHILLIPS.—On May 24th, in Westminster, to Rev. and Mrs. S. G. F. Phillips, of Malua, Samoa, a son.
SOMERVILLE.—On May 24th, at "View Park," Bonnyrigg, Scotland, to Jenny (*née* Liddell), wife of Dr. C. W. Somerville, a daughter, Lillian Rosemary.

Death

CLAYSON.—On May 30th, at Hornsey, William Ward Clayson, late of Canton, aged 61.

To Writers and Editors

The L.M.S. has a large stock of blocks available for loan at a reasonable charge. Address: The Editor, L.M.S., 42, Broadway, S.W.1.

Watchers' Prayer Union—New Branches

<i>Church.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>
Winchester Road, Southampton.	MRS. FRANKLIN.
Castle Street, Reading.	MRS. WALKER.

Contribution

The Directors gratefully acknowledge the following anonymous contribution: Old Age Pensioner, £1.

M.A.C. Prayer Meeting

The prayer meeting for London will be held in the Quiet Room of the Mission House, at 5.30 p.m. on Friday, July 20th. Mr. F. G. Bowers will lead the meeting, and Rev. A. M. Chirgwin hopes to be present to speak of matters concerning the Society that especially call for our prayers. Will any friends who can join us make every effort to strengthen our gathering by their presence.

L.M.S. Stamp Bureau

Mr. T. H. Earl, 4, Westcliffe, Kendal, is Secretary of our Stamp Bureau. Gifts of old and foreign stamps will be welcomed.

Urgent Vacancy

A fully qualified woman doctor is needed urgently for the Women's Hospital at Jiaganj, North India. Applicants should not be more than thirty years of age, and must satisfy the Society's Medical Council as to physical fitness.

All applications and enquiries should be addressed to: Rev. Joyce Rutherford, Livingstone House, Broadway, S.W.1.

Wants Department

Special needs are: Typewriters, Gramophones, Records, Lanterns, a Skeleton for teaching purposes in Hospital, Blankets, Blanket Remnants, old and new, Woollen Caps and Cuffs in darkish colours for men, Babies' Socks, Caps, Vests and Jackets, Flannel Bed-jackets, Towels, Bandages, Soap, Tonic-solfa copies of Sankey or Fellowship Books, Microscope for Doctor's use, Violins, Cameras, Boys' Shirts, Knitting Wool, Gauze, Lint, and Hospital requisites of all kinds.

Write for all further details to the Wants Department. "The Helping Hand" and "How to Send Parcels Abroad" (free leaflets) can also be had on application.

The Missionaries' Literature Association has many requests for Women's Magazines of various kinds, "Manchester Guardian," "Times Weekly," Nursing and Educational Papers. Whoever is willing to send a paper regularly to a Missionary overseas is invited to send name of periodical to Miss New, Secretary, Wants Department, Livingstone House, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Swanwick Conference

Mr. Basil Mathews, Professor Bernard L. Manning, Rev. B. R. H. Spaul, Rev. Idris Evans, Rev. Howard Partington and Rev. Godfrey Phillips, are among the speakers at the L.M.S. Summer Conference at The Hayes, Swanwick, Derbyshire, August 18th-24th. The special section for Sunday School workers will be led by Mr. Godfrey Pain, Miss Alice Battersby, Miss Gwen Parry and Miss Ilma Stead, acknowledged leaders in the various grades of Sunday School work.

A number of missionaries on furlough will be present, and there will be ample opportunity for informal fellowship and recreation. There are still a number of vacancies on our list. We expect they will be filled and it may be difficult to find room for all who wish to come, but we must know soon how many to expect at the Conference, and it will greatly relieve the organisation at Headquarters if you send in your forms immediately. If you are sending delegates from your Church or Auxiliary we will gladly reserve a place for them on receipt of the registration fee of 5s. The balance of £2 12s. 6d. can be paid at the Conference. Please address all communications to: Rev. Joyce Rutherford, Livingstone House, 42, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

ABOUT REMITTANCES TO THE L.M.S.

HOW TO REMIT. It is requested that all remittances be made to the Rev. Nelson Bitton, Home Secretary, at 42, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1; and that if any gifts are designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be stated. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders (which should be crossed) made payable at the General Post Office.

TO LOCAL TREASURERS. It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED that money for the Society's use may be forwarded in instalments as received, and not retained until the completion of the year's accounts. This would reduce the Bank Loans upon which interest has to be paid. The Society's financial year ends March 31st.

LOANS TO THE SOCIETY.

With the view of reducing the large amount which is paid in interest on Bank Loans, the directors wish to state that it would be a great financial help if friends of the Society were prepared to advance sums of £50 and upward free of interest for periods of not less than three months. In the case of advances for unfixed periods repayments could be made at ten days' notice. Loans may also be made at 2½% interest repayable on sixty days' notice.

THE

CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society

JULY, 1934

£10 down and 10s. per week

(A Papuan Gulf Medical Problem.)

By MAURICE NIXON, of Moru.

SOMETHING really had to be done about it. But do not be misled, this was not a problem of the plain-van variety, for that by-product of civilisation has not yet penetrated to our jungle. Indeed, there are neither plain nor adorned vans of any description hereabouts, and if there were our problem might not arise so urgently, for then there would be some means of transporting patients to the nearest doctor, who is a hundred miles distant.

Therein lay the problem; a hundred

miles to the doctor, no means of getting anyone to him, and no hospital on the Mission Station in which to house and care for patients. There was the daily attendance of some twenty or so out-patients who were regularly treated under the missionary's dwelling-house, and the steady demand of in-patients for whom rough bush huts were thrown up on the beach below the Mission House. The thing could be, and was, managed, but conditions were neither ideal nor reasonable, and that was what



A Good Craftsman. Papuan builder making a boat deck. No nails are used, all the parts are held together with vegetable fibre string. Buildings capable of supporting the weight of hundreds of people are constructed in the same way.

something had to be done about. The medical half of the missionary—his wife—was both eager and in a measure qualified to give of her best to relieve suffering, and a hospital of some kind seemed more than merely desirable as a medium of efficiency, but the financial how and where threatened to prevent the erection of a suitable building.

The funds of the Society were immediately ruled out on the grounds of poverty; the idea of appealing for a Government grant was mooted and regarded as a possible source. But before any action had been taken the problem became known (as many things become known, but how?) in the local village. Soon there was a deputation from the village to wait upon me and I was duly humbled when they provided this novel solution.

We realise, they said, that the hospital will be for our good. Would it be an acceptable scheme, therefore, if the surrounding villages, whose inhabitants would derive the greatest benefit, were to get together and portion out to the several villages their share of work for the building which would be erected by the men of the nearest village? This involved the acceptance of a hospital constructed of native materials; but what of that? Here was a spontaneous expression

of appreciation—for I had made no appeal to the people, since past experience had almost taught me not to expect any such acknowledgment of responsibility.

Without further ado we went wholeheartedly into the scheme and there was found in the other villages sufficient enthusiasm to carry it through, no village defaulting in the execution of its apportioned share in the provision of materials. Fifty volunteers from the local village undertook to put up a creditable building from the missionary's plan, and the Station contribution was a sawn timber floor at a cost of ten pounds which was met from a small industry reserve fund. The hospital therefore cost us the sum of ten pounds, for all other material and labour were freely offered.

The building is now complete and will stand, we hope, for many years as a monument to the appreciation shown by these people for what the L.M.S. is trying to do for them.

That is all most gratifying and encouraging. The amazing fact that remains is that a team of a dozen out-station teachers and their families will be regularly supplied with medicines and our hospital will be kept going—all on a total medical allowance of ten shillings per week!

“The New Christendom”

Missionary Talks Broadcast.

THE July B.B.C. “Missionary Talk,” at 5.30 p.m. on Sunday, July 22nd, will take the novel form of a discussion on the subject of “Are Missions Worth While?” Mr. C. G. Ammon, former M.P. and Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, will take up the discussion from the point of view of “the man in the pew,” who puts forward the prior claim of work at home, while Lady Hosie will support the work of missions.

This discussion may be looked upon as the preliminary to a series of eleven monthly talks from September next, in which the whole field of modern missionary motive and action will be surveyed. The B.B.C. are preparing a special study handbook for use in connection with the series and have asked the Rev. Edward Shillito to con-

tribute the major portion of its contents. It will be available in July through the book departments of all the missionary societies.

The first four of the winter series of talks, which will be given on the fourth Sunday in each month, at 5.30 p.m. in the National programme, are as follows:

September 23rd, 1934.—Introductory Talk, “The Field is the World.” Sir Evelyn Wrench.

October 28th.—(i) “What the Anglican and Free Churches are Doing.” Rev. William Paton (International Missionary Council).

November 25th.—(ii) “What the Roman Catholic Churches are Doing.” Father Martindale, S.J.

December 23rd.—“Sharing the Gospel: (i) Through the Spoken Word.” Rev. W. J. Noble (Methodist Missionary Society).

“The House Beautiful stands by the wayside. The most precious things are the commonest, and these are to be gained not by large fortunes but by large souls.”

(Bishop Westcott.)

ANNIVERSARY ECHOES

Extracts from some of the addresses delivered at the Society's Annual Meetings in May.

An Indian Solomon

By D. IAN ORR, of Neyyoor, Travancore.

THE missionary doctor had spent the day in the operating theatre, where eight or ten major operations were performed every day in the week. In the evening he went round the wards, and then home to his bungalow, to sleep on the veranda with the moon shining over him through the palm trees. He was happy until soon awakened by a sound he had come to dread, the sound of one of the nursing orderlies, calling "Sir," getting louder and louder, bearing tidings on to the veranda with a hurricane lantern. He had brought a note from the Indian doctor in the hospital, asking the missionary to go down.

Away down the road he went on his bicycle. In the corner of a ward he found a group standing, a woman, an Indian doctor, two or three nursing orderlies. On the woman's face was a look of tragedy. She had come all the way from North Travancore with her husband. He had had an operation four days ago, all had been going well, and now some unforeseen complication had arisen. Now there was tragedy there and

that woman was faced with the greatest of all tragedies, that of widowhood.

The missionary examined the man and found something that had to be done quickly. Soon there was a buzzing of steam sterilisers, and lights were switched on in the operating room. Another doctor was summoned to give the anæsthetic, and the Indian house surgeon and the missionary tried to put something right. Afterwards the senior nursing orderly touched his arm and said, "Prayer, sir." They knelt down round the bedside, the woman, the white man, the Indian doctor, the two or three orderlies, while Solomon prayed for the power of the great Master to strengthen that man and guide those who had to nurse and tend him. Then the missionary went back home, but did not sleep much that night.

Presently he went down to the hospital again. Solomon was still standing by the bedside. Every hour the temperature had to be reported, every two hours an injection had to be given. Solomon carried it out right through the night. At half-past seven



New Wards at Neyyoor Hospital.

the missionary met Solomon coming off duty. He looked a little tired, but with a little smile he said, "A little better this morning." The next morning the smile was a little broader, "I think he is going to get better, sir." And soon the look of terror passed from the woman's face and her smile came back again, because she knew she was going to take her man back with her to the little village in North Travancore.

Solomon was a young Indian lad, one of the team of nursing orderlies trained by the Nursing Superintendent—a young fellow, the descendant of outcastes—untouchables. He was not merely doing philanthropic work, he was bringing all the faith and experience he had of Jesus Christ into the carrying out of his daily job. He was a member of the young Christian Church.

Increase Twenty-three per cent

By REV. G. E. PHILLIPS, M.A., Foreign Secretary, who recently returned from a six months' tour of the L.M.S. Stations in India.

I COME back with a deepened certainty that there is for India no alternative to Jesus as the Lord of all good life. No power, no person, no philosophy is even being put forward as a competitor. There are rival claimants for India's heart, but none of them even professes to achieve what Jesus achieves for human souls.

We know, for we see it around us in London, how circumscribed is that existence from which spiritual things are shut out, how lonely is that life that man lives with no divine companion, how fatalism and dulness imprison the soul until it dies. But it is doubly tragic that that should happen in India, the birthplace of religion, where more than in any nation men have sought God

for long ages and renounced so much in the search. Yet only Jesus can in the long run save religion for the educated men of India.

Of course there are substitutes being offered for religion, the chief of them being Patriotism, Nationalism, the worship of Mother India.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson showed us a new temple in Benares, the latest addition to that city of temples. It is to have no image within its walls, but just a great marble relief-map. We saw it awaiting the completion of the building, about fifty feet each way, done to scale scientifically, with India's mountains and rivers all accurately shown. There is young India's object of worship—Mother India, spacious and beautiful, ancient and



Rev. J. C. Jackson and Rev. S. Saadat Ullah (an ex-Moslem) holding a service in a Dom village near Benares. The Doms are scavengers by caste.

mystical. It is a better object of worship than many older ones. But Mother India cannot comfort the sufferers in bereavement, or light up with hope the life beyond death, or give power to tread down evil within one's own soul. Patriotism is not enough.

This is a critical moment in India's history, critical in many ways besides those connected with political development. And at this critical moment there is a rallying of the evangelistic forces in all missions, our own among them. I have never known a time when more earnest consideration was being given to ways and means of sounding more clearly the message of the Gospel. It is not merely a case of doing more preaching, but of using to the full every means of communicating real life, of making everything else that we do also, hospitals, schools, social service, personal intercourse, more effective in the communication of the glorious Gospel. Everywhere you hear of evangelistic campaigns, and with them, of efforts to rebuild the life of the village so as to give it that fulness which Christ came to bring.

In the Telugu Field last year the three Churches (Anglican, Methodist and South India United Churches) which are considering possible Church Union, decided not to wait for Union before making a combined evangelistic effort in the Telugu country. Over an area several hundred miles long and hundreds of miles broad, little bands of voluntary workers went out and witnessed to all and sundry. Even outcaste women in some instances had courage to speak in the presence of their caste masters and mistresses of what Christ has done for them. There is good evidence that thousands of people were deeply impressed.

But the Indian Church which God has used our Society to build up, is growing. It numbers 33,000 more souls than it did ten years ago, and is now 187,000. At a time when home Churches consider they have done well if they have held their own, the Indian Church connected with the L.M.S. has increased by twenty-three per cent in ten years.

Are they good Christians or bad Christians ; I can no more give a short and sharp generalisation in answer to that question than you could if I asked you whether 187,000 British Christians are good or bad. The useful question to ask is whether in this great lump the divine leaven is at work, and of that there can be no manner of doubt. The Indian Church is not without its teachers, its evangelists, its saints. Poor beyond belief in worldly goods, it is rich in bhakti, a certain piety compounded of faith and love. It has the open Bible, the Sacraments, divine worship, the Spirit's guidance, the presence of the Lord with those gathered in His name. That Church is our partner in evangelism, and is becoming conscious of its partnership, and anxious to end its old state of dependence.

God is working through your missionaries, and you may give Him thanks for them. I know what they would want me to say about them, that they are frail and fallible human beings who often make mistakes, and have no exemption from the sin which doth so easily beset us. Perfectly true ; and it does not help matters for you to regard them as a row of stained-glass window saints. But God has used the very difficulties of the situations which they face, through their dependence upon Him, to make them into a fellowship collectively rich in those gifts of mind and spirit which alone can make religious work fruitful. They are discovering new powers to meet new demands ; which means that the creative Spirit of God is operating through them. You may be deeply thankful for them, and for God's use of them.

And God is giving them Indian colleagues in whom you may also rejoice. Remember that for each missionary carrying on the work you support in India there are some thirty Christian Indian fellow-workers. Nothing has been more impressive on this journey than to see the greatly increased share which Indian leadership is taking in the management of all our affairs. I doubt whether any Society in India of our size has associated with it a finer body of Christian Indian men and women.

" Master of men,
Teach us this day how to serve our fellows ;
Show Thyself incarnate once again.
In the starving, the plague-stricken, the outcast ;
Give us an unappeasable desire
To heal, to feed, to uplift."

(A Book of Prayers, written for use in an Indian College.)

At Home in Port Moresby

By PERCY CHATTERTON.

WHEN I open my front door in Port Moresby in the early light of dawn, I look down and out across the sea, across a great land-locked harbour. On the far skyline there is a white line where the waves are breaking on the coral reef, and over on one side of that harbour are the buildings which make up the little white settlement of Port Moresby, the centre of government and commerce for the whole of Papua.

Just down below is a village of grass huts, from which, as the sun rises over the hills and strikes the grass village, many different sounds arise. Before the sun is far up, the sound of the school bell rings out, and we see the boys and girls jumping down off their back verandas into the sea to get themselves clean before school. We see them going, wave after wave, to the schools—three low iron buildings with weather-board roofs and iron walls with shutters that swing out, so that the inside of the building can be practically in the open air. The next ten minutes is very noisy. Then a whistle blows, and gradually order evolves out of the chaos—and shapes into line after line of brown-skinned children, the boys in little calico loincloths, the girls in grass skirts, filing into the school houses.

There are about five hundred Papuan boys and girls in the classrooms being educated by the L.M.S.

Let us take a look round. First of all we look into a room where little toddlers are just making a beginning—playing with picture blocks—we pass on to where slightly bigger children are sitting along a low wall with blackboards in front of them, chalking their letters in a rough and squiggly sort of way.

We pass on again to a class a little bigger, where in a little school primer they are beginning to spell out

syllables and words in their own tongue.

Bigger still, the boys and girls have in front of them the Testament in their own language, given to them by the pioneer missionaries of the L.M.S. Here are being laid the foundations on which the Papuan Christian Church is to be built.

We go on a little farther and we find shy and reluctant children making their first adventures in that strange and barbarous tongue, English. They do not like it a bit. We go on to a farther class where they had made a little progress in spite of their reluctance, and they are reading a little in a reader prepared for them and for all Papuan children by one of our present-day missionaries.

We now come to the big and important children sitting at desks, not on the floor as the others are, and very proud they are of the fact. On the teacher's table in front of the class is a globe, and the teacher is trying to lead out the thoughts of the Papuan children beyond the narrow limits of their own land to distant lands and races. Most of these boys and girls are Scouts and Guides, and so through that they are learning that they have brothers and sisters all over the world.

Let us put the clock back to early dawn again, and approach the same place from another angle, standing on the beach at Port Moresby outside one of the grass hut homes. Long before the school bell rings, the door of the grass hut opens, and out come the brown-skinned girls in their grass skirts, with their earthen water-pots on their



At Port Moresby.

shoulders, going down to the village well to draw water. Mother and bigger girls come behind with gardening implements and string bags—off to the gardens to grow the food and tend the crops. Close behind comes the father of the family with fishing net over his shoulder—going to sail with his friends outside the harbour to the big coral reef for a day's fishing.

After quite a long pause, out from that grass hut come three young men, dressed more or less in European fashion—they follow the little path round the back of the village to the European settlement. They are away to earn their living there; one is a clerk in a government office, one is an apprentice in a plumber's shop, one is a telephone operator.

We get tired of waiting to see if anyone else will come out. We clamber up the rickety steps to the little platform outside the door. Inside all is dark. The only

people left in the hut are an old, old man, sitting crouched over the fire, and a baby hung up in a string bag, for the string bag is cradle as well as shopping-basket in Papua. As we stand there, there comes to our ears a strange noise that gradually increases and increases to a great roar as one of the aeroplanes of New Guinea Airways thunders by on its way to the New Guinea Goldfields inland. The roar of the engine fills the hut, and the old man sitting over the fire mutters to himself, as he remembers how when he was a little boy he gathered stones on the beach to throw at the whaleboat which brought the first white man. But the noise does not wake the baby—he is used to it.

What sort of a world is that baby going to grow up into? What sort of a job is he going to make of life, as civilisation goes crashing its way into the last mountains of this last stronghold of the Stone Age?

Womanhood and the Sword

By DR. MAUDE ROYDEN.

I SUPPOSE that the first reason for what we call the subjection of women throughout the ages has been the fact that the man has the physical strength and the military virtues, and that woman's physical strength being less, and her adaptability to the actual rough and tumble struggle of fighting and warfare being less than man's, she has naturally fallen into the background in a world in which physical strength is nearly worshipped—a world which still, after 2,000 years of Christianity, will say in the end the sword is the last arbiter.

Of course, most of us know perfectly well that Napoleon was right when he said that nothing was ever settled by the sword, and yet in our popular thinking—certainly in our way of running the world—we act as if physical force was the thing that in the end settled all our affairs, as if the sword was the last resort, and, in fact, the only one that was final.

I doubt whether women are quite as much convinced of that as men are. Women who have had to deal with families and with children are well aware that if and when physical force has to be used it is really a confession of failure, and that it is a confession of failure which leaves one with the problem still to be dealt with. Not being all angels of wisdom and unselfishness, it some-

times happens that even in the care of children we have to make the confession of defeat—admit that the child has baffled us, and that there must come a time when perhaps some punishment that involves coercion has to be used, but we know in our hearts that that is a failure—possibly the child's failure, but much more our failure—and that in fact it is only a makeshift, that the problem must be solved by other means in the end. We know, too, that a home which is governed by anything but love is, in the degree that it is governed by other than love, a failure, and that the home in which love governs all is the very nearest thing to the Kingdom of Heaven on earth that has ever been imagined.

* * * *

In war and the more warlike nations women must be at a discount. The moment you get a warlike religion like Mohammedanism you get women on a lower plane. Wherever you get a part of a religion where women are set on the same level as men, there you find war at a discount. I need only point to the Society of Friends. Where you get a country militarised, there you find women on a lower level. You may see it to-day in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. The worship of force always goes with the degradation of women as a sex, and that is

a logical and perfectly legitimate argument.

It is not only a matter of sex, it is not half humanity which is at stake, it is all of us together, it is the existence of spiritual power, it is the thought of peace, not only as a truce between continual wars, and it is the recognition of the fact that only in peace and

by peaceful methods can the Kingdom of God be established on earth. It is only in proportion as we realise that the fundamental power is the power of the spirit that we shall ever bring this Kingdom of God on earth, for God is spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Among Australia's Aborigines

OUR Australian readers who are just now being reminded of many things which happened a century ago may well spare a few moments to recall the gallant efforts of Threlkeld, our missionary to the Australian aborigines.

Lancelot Edward Threlkeld, a zealous youth from Devon, was sent to the South Seas by the L.M.S. in 1816, when he was twenty-seven years of age. He died in Sydney at the age of seventy-one in 1859, having lived a life of most laborious Christian service. On the way out he was detained at Rio de Janeiro for a year by the illness of his wife, and used the time in preaching the Gospel. Seven years were spent in the Tahitian group, where William Ellis and John Williams were his colleagues and friends. Then his career was diverted by that amazing couple Tyerman and Bennett, the Board's first Deputation. They took eight years on their long tour among the Society's fields, and had authority to make modifications of the most drastic kind. They picked up Threlkeld, carried him to Sydney, and there, with Governor Brisbane's approval and co-operation, placed him as a missionary to the aborigines on a settlement of 10,000 acres at Lake Macquarrie.

For seventeen years the work was carried on, until the aborigines disappeared from the district and the enterprise was abandoned. During that time Threlkeld had a hard fight against many kinds of discouragement. Even the great Samuel Marsden, enthusiastic as he was about missions in general, advised the dropping of Threlkeld's work ten years before it came to an end. The early colonists dealt hardly with the black men, as Threlkeld knew, for he acted as native interpreter

in the courts; and he lived through many terrible scenes in the Lake Macquarrie settlement.

Yet he accomplished something, if only by raising a standard and setting an example. His translation of the difficult Australian speech into a literature was a feat of no common kind.

He produced specimens of a "Dialect of the Aborigines," a Grammar (1834), a Spelling Book (1836); and St. Luke's Gospel, the MS. of which is preserved in the Sir George Grey collection of the Public Library, Auckland. This Gospel was printed for the first time by the Government Printer in Sydney in 1891, fifty years after it was written.

Threlkeld told the L.M.S. Directors when he was a candidate that it was his wish to preach Christ crucified, "not upon another man's foundations." He had heard that the Society was thinking of starting work among the Afghans and Tartars, and wished to be sent to such people if possible.

In the Tahitian group he could not be said to be working in a new and unoccupied field, but the Australian task fulfilled his ambition entirely. It was new indeed, and demanded singular devotion. The reduction of the language to writing, even with the aid of the Chief of the Tribe of Barabah (rewarded by the gift of a brass plate from the Governor) was a work requiring both unusual skill and exceptional gifts of application. That the aborigines in that area died out does not detract from the merit of Threlkeld's work, which must rank as a high incentive to effort in a most difficult form of service.

The late Joseph King gave in his "Ten Decades" (1895) an appreciative account of Threlkeld's life and labours.

"Learn more reverence, Madam, not for rank or wealth, *that* needs no learning;
That comes quickly—quickly as sin does! ay, and often works as sin;
 But for Adam's seed, MAN! Trust me, 'tis a clay above your scorning,
 With God's image stamped upon it, and God's kindling breath within."

(Elizabeth Barrett Browning.)

THE READER'S GUIDE



Storm Tossed.—By *Miriam Young*. (Livingstone Press, price 1s., by post 1s. 1d.)

"Storm Tossed" is a missionary book with a difference. As its title suggests, it presents no neat and tidy picture of Indian life. Parbati, its heroine, with all her struggles and aspirations, never becomes a Christian. Her life is lived in a world full of change, in a world "full of many interests, nearer and more exciting than religion"—a feeling that is known in Britain as well as India. Parbati is a real person—a pioneer, who suffers as all pioneers of new social customs do. It is Miss Young's gift that she is able to take us right into Parbati's life, so that we share with her in her struggles, her plans, her disappointments, and through entering thus into Parbati's life, we gain a deeper insight into that land which she so passionately loved. This book is specially recommended for use in girls' and women's groups. There are excellent questions for discussion at the end of the book.

The Little Bride.—By *Lilian Cox*. (6d.)

Turbid Water.—By *W. G. Sewell*. (6d. Postage 1d. each.)

A girl wife and widow in an Indian village—a small-pox epidemic—the work of Indian Boy Scouts—the kindness of Indian Christians—a famine. These are some of the happenings in the life of Nirmolla, told by Lilian Cox in *The Little Bride*.

Famine, flood and fighting in China—the everyday lives of farmers—the curse of industrialism—the menace of Communism, are dealt with in a vivid manner by W. G. Sewell (author of *The Land and Life of China*) who writes the new story *Turbid Water*.

These two books are the first of the new Sixpenny Series issued by the United Council for Missionary Education, and deserve a wide circulation among those who like stories of people in other lands.

Something Happened.—By *Mildred Cable and Francesca French*. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s., post-age 5d.)

In the foreword to this book, the authors tell how it came to be written.

"Three British Government officials were listening to a fourth, who told them some of the incidents recorded in this book.

"Their response to the story was: 'What takes these three women to such God-forsaken places? It can't be to make money; if it were they make a poor job of it. The fact that they do the journey so often shows that it is not for record-breaking, and the romance of adventure must have vanished long ago. I would like to ask them why they do it.' This book is our answer to that question."

It is quite plain to readers of the book that for these missionaries of the China Inland Mission, "the romance of adventure" in God's service will never vanish. Their lives are lived in implicit obedience to God's call as they hear it—that call leads them to joyful and perilous adventure on the sandy wastes of the Gobi Desert, to the foothills of Tibet and the great plain of Mongolia. But this book does more than tell of their

journeys between China and Russia—it tells of the way in which God led and prepared them from childhood to undertake this work for Him. At every stage of their lives "something happened," and it is in the faith that at every stage in the future "something will happen" that they go fearlessly forward to fresh adventures in God's service.

Christ and Japan.—By *Toyohiko Kagawa*. (Student Christian Movement Press, 2s. 6d.)

As in all his writings, this latest book by Kagawa, the great Japanese Christian leader, shows how to him Christianity embraces the whole of life, individual, economic and social. The whole of life must be lived in the spirit of the Cross—of creative, redemptive, suffering love. Planting new and varied crops to relieve the hunger of the peasant and make the land more fertile is to him part of the Christian life, so is the spreading of "co-operatives," which show Christian love in action.

"When the Holy Spirit moves in the hearts of men, making them conscious of the will of God, this redemptive love will leap forth—into the streets, the factories, the shops and all the varied haunts of men. This movement will take the form of Christian co-operatives, Red Cross activity, prison reform, movements for befriending sinners and for realising world peace."

A Gentleman in Prison.—*The Story of Tokichi Isbii, written by himself in Tokyo Prison; translated by Caroline Macdonald*, 1s.

The Religion of Jesus.—By *Toyohiko Kagawa*, 1s.
Love, the Law of Life.—By *Toyohiko Kagawa*, 3s. 6d.

Chronicle readers will be glad to know that these books are now available in the above cheaper editions.

Annual Sermon

The sermon by Canon Raven, which was a memorable part of this year's Anniversary Services, has been printed in the *Christian World Pulpit* (May 17th), copies of which are obtainable from the Livingstone Bookroom. Price 2d. (postage ½d.)

The late J. H. Holmes

Dr. A. C. Haddon gives a word of appreciation (in "Nature" for June 9th) of Homu's work, stating that "he takes an honourable place among those missionaries who have materially added to our knowledge of backward peoples."

For Garden Meetings and Sales

The Publications Department of the L.M.S. is anxious to be represented at all garden meetings by a selection of its best books, which will be sent on sale or return. Secretaries are asked to write to the Publications Manager, giving particulars of the kind and number of books they wish sent. The opportunity might also be used to make the monthly magazines better known by distributing specimen copies. The *Chronicle* for July to December, six months, is one shilling, and *News from Afar* for the same period is sixpence.

ROBERT MORRISON

By EDWARD SHILLITO, M.A.

“Jesus, I have given myself up to Thy service. The question with me is, Where shall I serve Thee? I learn from Thy Word that it is Thy holy pleasure that the Gospel shall be preached in all the world . . . My desire is, O Lord, to engage where labourers are most wanted. Perhaps one part of the field is more difficult than another. I am equally unfit for any . . . but through Thy strengthening me I can do all things. O Lord, guide me in this matter. . . . Enable me to count the cost, and having come to a resolution, to act consistently.”

Robert Morrison.

“It is thirty years since I was accepted as a missionary in Mr. Hardcastle’s counting house at the end of the old London Bridge.”

Robert Morrison, June, 1834.

Robert Morrison died on Friday, August 1st, 1834.

I

WILLIAM CAREY and Robert Morrison died in the same year, 1834. It is fitting that they should be remembered together. If anyone after the manner of Plutarch, were to write “Parallel Lives of Missionaries,” he might take these two men together. Carey in India, Morrison in China. Both were pioneers, both believed utterly in the power of the Word, and in the necessity to give that Word to the peoples of the East in their own tongues. Both were prepared to undertake other work as linguists and translators, so that they might serve the Gospel without charge. Both were men of outstanding intellectual gifts. Both met with terrible difficulties. Both had to endure the ravages of fire. Both plodded: “I can plod,” said Carey; “I plodded on,” said Morrison. Both formed colleges, Carey at Serampore; Morrison in Malacca. Above all, both of them looked upon themselves as rebels pardoned by a merciful Saviour, and upon their lives as means of telling others of that same mercy, which is rich towards all men.

II

Morrison’s achievements can be summed up in a few words which, however, mean volumes:

A Grammar of the Chinese Language: Serampore, 1815.

A Dictionary of the Chinese Language: six volumes. Macao.

The Bible in Chinese: in which William Milne assisted. Malacca, 1823.

There are many other books in English and in Chinese under his name, but these alone are a life-work, and only thirty years passed between the time when this serious young Northumbrian was appointed in Mr. Hardcastle’s office to be a missionary of the L.M.S., and the hour when he died in Canton, and was buried in the cemetery at Macao. Thirty years is a short time for such a great work. And yet Morrison was greater than his works.

III

Perhaps the secret of his achievements lies in the words which he used; he “acted consistently.” There was a certain life which was befitting if the Gospel of Christ was true. To believe in Him and not to act consistently was to Morrison almost incomprehensible. The sternest words he used were directed to those who called a missionary sermon a “charity sermon.” “Charity, indeed!” he said. “These pardoned rebels think it in themselves a charity to proclaim mercy and pardon; and this proclamation has been in their possession eighteen centuries, and yet one half of mankind has even now scarcely heard distinctly of it; so indolently and carelessly have successive generations done their duty.” Morrison, in common with all the great pioneers in this enterprise, would not hear of his work as of an heroic or an exceptional kind. It was simple, matter-of-fact obedience. It was sheer decency. It was only consistency. The fewer heroics we use the better.

IV

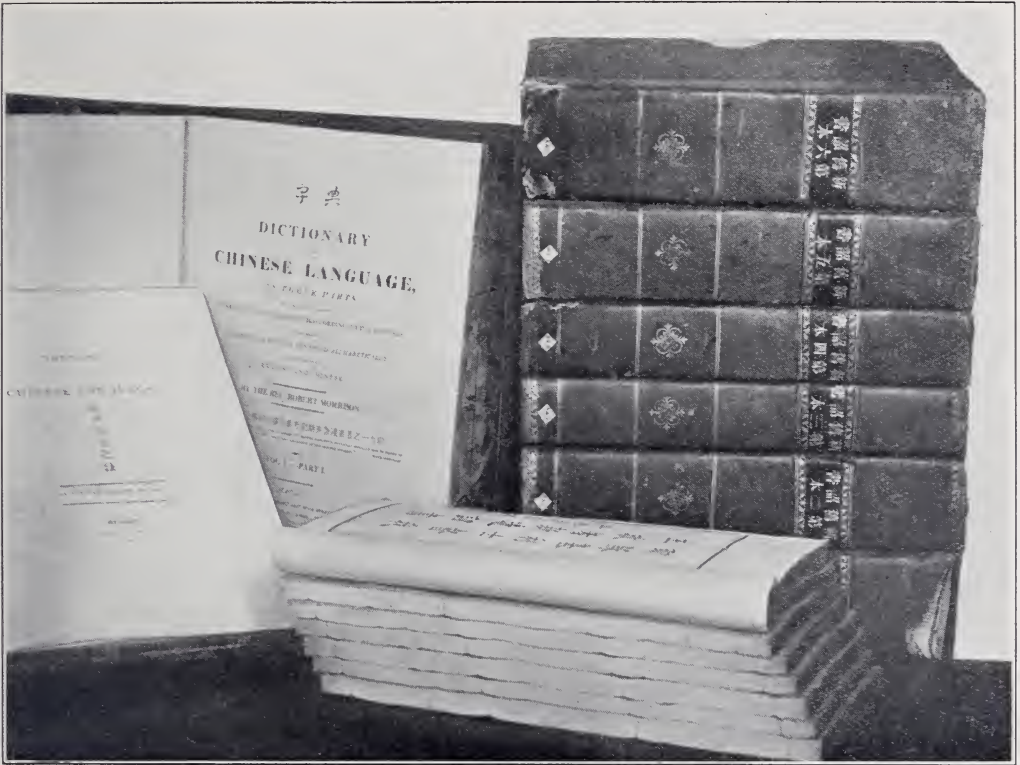
To such a man the signs of harvest were welcome, but he could, and did, do without them.

“And so, Mr. Morrison,” said an American shipowner to him, “you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?” “No, sir,” said Morrison, with more than his usual sternness, “I expect God will.” Because this was his faith, he could endure delay, since he was in God’s hands. It was on July 16th, 1814, he baptised his first convert.

“ At a spring of water issuing from the foot of a lofty hill by the seaside, away from human observation, I baptised, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Tsae A-ko.” Even in 1834 there were but few Chinese converts. If Morrison had been dependent on results, he would never have persevered. But he was the servant and the ambassador of the Eternal God, and he could wait patiently for Him.

V

It is a hundred years since he died. If the Christian Church in China is measured against the millions of Chinese, it is small. But if it is measured against the little company whom, by 1834, Morrison and his friends had won to the faith of Christ, it is a marvellous Church. Morrison did not labour in vain nor spend his strength for naught.



Morrison's Chinese Grammar, Dictionary, Bible and New Testament.

The Bible is here bound in six volumes, but the paper-covered numbers made twenty-one volumes. The New Testament is placed in front (seven paper volumes) to show the ordinary appearance of the Chinese book.

The Great Dictionary

THE year 1823 was a memorable one in the life of Dr. Morrison, owing to the publication of the Anglo-Chinese Dictionary, which must be considered the great work of his life. He had been engaged upon it sixteen years, and in connection with its composition had accumulated a library of about ten thousand Chinese volumes.

“ It was issued by the East India Company at a cost of twelve thousand pounds, con-

tained 5,595 pages in six large quarto volumes and recorded 40,000 words. His name became universally famous. M. Ramusat, of Paris, said: ‘ The Anglo-Chinese Dictionary by Dr. Morrison is incomparably superior to every other ’; and Sir J. F. Davis wrote in 1865, ‘ The Dictionary of Dr. Morrison still remains as the greatest monument of literary labour in the cause of the Chinese language ’.”

An American View

Some Literary and Educational Contributions of Robert Morrison

By KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE, Ph.D.
(Professor of Missions and Oriental History, Yale University.)

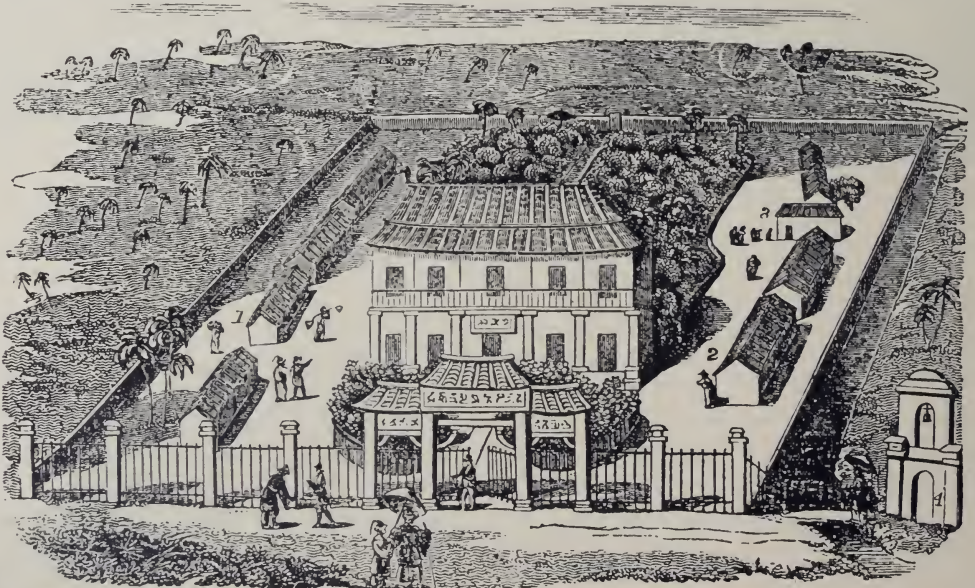
ROBERT MORRISON'S life in China fell at a time when almost the only avenues of Protestant missionary approach to the Chinese were either through literature or through contacts with some of those who lived outside the Empire. The restrictions under which he laboured are familiar to all who recall their Chinese history.

Aside from the few Catholic missionaries who pursued their calling in secret, and the special Russian semi-diplomatic mission at Peking, the only places in which Westerners possessed a foothold were Canton and the neighbouring Macao.

In Canton, foreigners were permitted to reside and conduct businesses only on a limited area on the water front outside the city wall. Macao was under the control of the Catholic Portuguese and in it no too overt Protestant effort was possible. In Bangkok and in some British and Dutch possessions in the East a few thousand Chinese emigrants could be touched. Morrison wisely chose to reside in Canton. There he had chiefly to give himself to the creation of literary tools which he and his colleagues

and those who came after him might use. Under these circumstances, which to many would have seemed quite impossible, he succeeded in making contributions which have profoundly influenced later Christian literature, future education in China, and the appreciative study of China by English-speaking peoples.

In literature his major achievements were his translations of the Bible and his Chinese-English Dictionary. In both of these he was a pioneer. In the translation of the Scriptures to be sure he depended in part upon a Roman Catholic translation of the Gospels, and almost simultaneously one of the Serampore Trio was engaged in the same Herculean task. Morrison, however, worked quite independently of the latter, and the former could help him over only a small portion of his laborious pilgrimage. Like most initial efforts, his translation of the Bible proved imperfect, but it was of assistance to those who after his death prepared other versions, and so has had its influence upon some of those in use to-day. His dictionary, too, had the almost inevitable weaknesses of a first attempt, but the traditions which it



The Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca (from a woodcut published in "L.M.S. Missionary Sketches," January, 1825).
1 Chinese Printing Office. 2 English Printing Office. 3 Chinese School. 4 Western Gate of Malacca.

established aided in the preparation of others. For instance, the American missionary, S. Wells Williams, whose Chinese-English dictionary is still in use, was in many ways a debtor to Morrison.

In education Morrison dreamed on a scale far too ample for his times. The Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, which owed its existence to him, was conceived as an institution where Chinese and foreigners might study side by side, the Chinese learning Occidental culture and the Westerners gaining an introduction to Chinese civilisation.

At least one non-missionary American writer acquired there a knowledge of the Chinese language which he used to good purpose, not only in commerce, but in obtaining material for two of the early books which sought to interpret China to the United States. In memory of the great missionary, foreigners in China, soon after his death, organised the Morrison Education Society. It was in a school conducted by this society that the first Chinese to receive a medical training in Great Britain obtained

his preliminary education, so that the modern Chinese medical profession may almost be said to have started with it. Here, too, Yung Wing came under the influences which were to send him to America to become the first of the many thousands of his countrymen who have there obtained their academic degrees. Yung Wing, moreover, later introduced the initial contingent of Chinese students to the United States, the first large groups of their countrymen to acquire a Western education.

In the appreciation of China by English-speaking peoples Morrison made a memorable contribution. Here his dictionary and his other writings were of notable service. In a visit to Great Britain, moreover, he encouraged the scholarly study of things Chinese. His example, too, helped to inspire the American missionaries Bridgman and Williams in their conduct of *The Chinese Repository*, the earliest periodical in English which sought in any systematic and thorough-going fashion to acquaint Westerners with the Middle Kingdom.

The Plodding Pioneer

ROBERT MORRISON sailed for China in 1807, the same year in which the slave trade was abolished. He died in China on August 1st, 1834, the day on which slavery under the British flag terminated. The coincidence of dates is noteworthy. On the very night he died the slaves in the West Indies climbed the hills to see the sun rise upon their freedom.

For twenty-seven years Morrison resolutely lived and laboured to give the Word of Life to China's millions. Confronted by a trinity of opposing forces, he battled through. The all-powerful East India Company frowned upon his cherished hopes; the deeply-rooted prejudices of China were arrayed against him; and the hostile Church of Rome sought to bring his work to naught. But Robert Morrison remained unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, until he could say, with Paul, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course."

The more one knows about Morrison the man, and about Morrison the patient, plodding pioneer, the more one is filled with admiration. He was alone, but undaunted, opposed but unafraid, disappointed but never discouraged. Like the oaks of his

native land he grew and flourished in face of the blasts of adversity.

It is always easy to disparage beginnings, but so great an authority as the late Dr. Muirhead has said of Morrison's Bible, "As a first effort it cannot be too highly commended." He has "succeeded so well as to be of considerable service in the work of his successors." This is high praise, but well deserved. Through all time the Church in China will have good cause to glorify God for the life and labours of the man who laid the foundations.

MARSHALL BROOMHALL.

THE STORY OF MORRISON IS FOUND IN :

"Robert Morrison, a Master Builder." By Marshall Broomhall. 2s. 6d., postage 4d.

"Robert Morrison, Christian Pioneer." By Ernest H. Hayes. 1s., postage 1½d.

"Pathfinders in China." By Nelson Bitton. 1s., postage 1½d.

"Four Lessons on Robert Morrison." By Vera Walker. 2d., postage ½d.

"Robert Morrison," in the Little Library of Biography, R.T.S. 1d., postage ½d.

All the above can be obtained from the Livingstone Bookroom.

Other books, e.g., "Memoirs," by his widow, are only available through the libraries.

China—after Morrison

Griffith John's Old Study

THE other day I passed Dr. John's old study in the Taiping Road, now a very dilapidated looking office of a Chinese trader. It is sad to see what should be one of Hankow's historic sites fallen to such a derelict condition. The old Hwalou Church, too, will soon be pulled down to give way to a big, eight-storey Chinese Bank. These things remind us of the contrast between those things in our life and work that must pass, and those that endure because they relate to unchanging and eternal realities.

(From A. J. McFarlane, M.A., of Hankow.)



Drawn by]

A Chinese Wood Engraver. [A. J. McFarlane.

Slogans and Banners help

The school gave great help in Hygiene week, which took place at the end of May. All the boys and girls, big and little, had their share in the hygiene week, and I am sure they will not easily forget that busy time. The elder boys began by drawing posters and printing slogans, and at the beginning of the week several representatives were chosen to go out and paste the posters on prominent walls and trees in Siaochang and Chengyang (our neighbouring village). Then the streamers and banners were made, these had to be big enough to be carried outside on poles.

On the market day, when special lecturing by the doctors and nurses was carried on at the street chapel, all the big boys and girls turned out in procession, and paraded through the village. The police led the way, the boys bearing the banners came next, and the Girls' Life Brigade, also bearing banners and singing hygiene songs, came last. It was quite an imposing turn-out.

We went a little way together, and then the parties separated, the boys going farther afield and the girls lining up on a waste piece of ground outside the North Chapel, where they sang to the assembled crowds, and announced the meeting in the chapel. Then, when the boys appeared on the scene once more, everybody went into the chapel, followed by the crowd. The boys and girls went back to school, and the audience was left in the chapel ready for the meeting.

(From Margery Brameld, of Siaochang, North China.)

The Clark Band in Central China

The Clark Band of Evangelists began work in the spring among the thousands of workers in the flour and other mills seven miles from Hankow. The nearest church is the Griffith John School Chapel, ten miles away. In their journeys they felt again the need of women workers to go into the homes; the beginning has been made of a small Women's Band of three experienced women. Moving to the hill country, the Band settled in a large central village where a providential Christian appeared and shared his meagre quarters with them. There were thirty-eight names of enquirers in that village before they left.

In their journeys they came upon sad evidences of the Reds. In one place they found that one-third of the merchants had been exterminated.

This year the Band is invited by the Hankow Presbytery to work in Mienyang where there are many who owe their life to the Refugee Camps established there in the flood days.

"Forward go"

At the beginning of 1933 I was on my way to Lutien by motor car when at a boundary toll-gate our car was held up by a military official, whose assistant stood by his side with a revolver all ready in position. In strict military tones the official enquired, "Who are you? Where are you going?" I answered, "The Chinese Christian Church at Lutien." Smartly saluting, he replied, "Forward go, forward go." This, as far as I see things, the Chinese Christian Church has done during 1933.

Satan's No. 1 Man

In the same district (Dzang Ka Jao) at the beginning of the year, the man the people called "Satan's No. 1 Man" and his wife joined up with us. His second son lay at death's door with hæmoptysis. The man was the chief sorcerer of the district, and earned about £4 a month from his methods. All this sorcery failed to cure his son; all the ways of the temple also failed. He was in the temple praying when they sent messengers to tell him "to come quickly; his son was passing over." It was night time, and he had to pass the church on his way. The thought came, "Try Mr. Waung's praying methods." He asked Mr. Waung, our preacher, to go with him, which, of course, Mr. Waung gladly assented to. As they prayed at the boy's

bedside, the hæmorrhage stopped and the boy rallied. In twenty-four hours no hæmorrhage returned, and he came through, daily gaining in strength. The parents hold on to the Christian faith, and have put away all their means of livelihood; and they say they will beg rather than go back to their dark ways. The young people of the family yearn for the days of plenty again, and have not the faith of their parents. The boy has had repeated hæmorrhages—the parents are not surprised at this, for they feel it is lack of faith and unwillingness to believe which hinder his complete recovery. Happily they have their own home and a little land, but they live up to their income, and have no funds to fall back on.

(From Alice Clark, of Shanghai.)

"Housekeeping" in China

ALTHOUGH I was transferred to the L.M.S. Council Office more than a year ago, I was glad to retain even so small a connection with the Associated Mission Treasurers which a share in their general work involves: This work is designated "Housekeeping"; 'tis a misnomer, for I don't believe that ever before were such varied duties to be found masquerading under that name. They include seeing that the office floors are not swept at the same hour as the desks are dusted, seeing that twenty-four windows are cleaned occasionally, and that not more than a certain amount of wax is used each week on the floors, and that such wax is purchased as economically as possible, that each member of the staff obtains a clean towel weekly, and only one, that those same towels are washed and returned weekly, that our buckets and mops do not decorate the public hall, seeing and consoling the small office boy when his face becomes twice the size it should be by reason of a bad tooth he's harbouring, and using a little gentle persuasion to induce him to be willing to part with it, and seeing that somehow and from somewhere he gets the means to be able to part with it. Then the same persuasion is necessary when the

telephone operator is in possession of a septic foot—the boys are not too eager to seek the aid of the Lester Chinese Hospital, but not so with our coolies, for did not both of them once obtain a few days' holiday by visiting that hospital, so now I spend time persuading one of them *not* to go to hospital. It seems to me that all the small jobs involved in such an organisation as the Associated Mission Treasurers, which rightly belong to nobody in particular, are designated "house-keeping"!

Our Treasurer's office is run on such close co-operative lines that whenever the L.M.S. Treasurer has to stay away from his office, the B.M.S. Treasurer stays away also, and if the B.M.S. Treasurer has to take a journey, there also is the L.M.S. Treasurer to be found. When the catastrophe of the Treasurer's illness overtook us last year, the L.M.S. Assistant had already been borrowed, but the Treasurer's office is fortunate in possessing a B.M.S. Assistant who willingly changes her spots whenever such a necessity arises, and is liable to give the same answer whether she be asked "Is this the B.M.S. office?" or "Is this the L.M.S. office?"

(From Edith Lane, of Shanghai.)

"If it be answered that there was in His nature something exceptional and peculiar, that humanity must not be measured by the stature of Christ, let us remember that it was precisely thus He wished it to be measured, delighting to call Himself the Son of Man, delighting to call the meanest of mankind his brothers." (*Ecce Homo*, Seeley.)

In Thankful Remembrance

The late Lady Spicer

LADY SPICER, wife of the Rt. Hon. Sir Albert Spicer, Bart., died on Whit-Monday at Palace Court, Bayswater.

Sir Albert Spicer was the Society's honoured and active Treasurer from 1885 to 1910, and during those twenty-five years Lady Spicer was his gracious and widely-esteemed partner.

Among those composing the L.M.S., whether they were missionaries, directors,

M.A., being a missionary at Nanking (Ginling College), and the other, Miss Bertha Spicer, a Director of the Society.

London Congregationalism, and Westminster Congregational Church especially, will feel the loss of one who has been able to exercise a wise and gracious influence in the help of Free Church life.

During recent years Lady Spicer has been assiduous in nursing her husband, who remains in his weakness to bear the loss of his beloved helpmate.

William Ward Clayson

THE son and grandson of Methodist local preachers, it was perhaps inevitable that when the spirit found him, "Bill" Clayson should be driven forth to preach the Word. Inevitable, too, that when George Cousins offered him the post in Canton from which two men had recently retired broken in mind, and another broken in spirit, he should quietly accept. After a successful scholastic career in Cheshunt College, he went out to Canton in 1899 into the storm of hatred and fury that swept over China in those Boxer years. From that day on, Canton has known but short periods of freedom from violent convulsions, anti-foreign tumults, civil war, communistic and anti-communistic uprisings, bombardments and massacres, when the gutters have run blood and the streets been littered with the dead. Once, at least, has Clayson had to flee for his life from the city, yet through all these years of turmoil he and Mrs. Clayson have carried on, quiet, unafraid and full of hope.

And these years have seen a great forward march of the Christian movement, wherein Kwangtung has led the Church of China, not so much in numerical increase as the growth of church-consciousness, the bold assumption of responsibility for self-government and self-nurture. The United Church has come into being, and in all these forward moves Clayson has had his active share.

For fifteen years he did the work of a tireless evangelist, then a physical disablement made impossible for him the rough and tumble of inland travel, and he became a teacher in the Union Theological College. There for twenty years he has sought to pass on to his students his own passion for the preaching of Christ, while making available



or members of the headquarters staff, Lady Spicer will always be remembered for her kindly hospitality and unfeigned interest in their work. The same memory and regard are found in the other constituencies, political and philanthropic, which Sir Albert served so effectually.

Lady Spicer was the daughter of Mr. D. Stewart Dykes, and married Mr. Spicer fifty-five years ago. Of their children (three sons and eight daughters) two have continued the family name in the Society's work and interests—one, Miss Eva Dykes Spicer,

for them something of the light that modern study and research have shed on the Bible.

And through these years he has ever been active in his ministry of preaching and nurture among the churches and preaching halls of the city. To him, too, was given the gift of friendship, and he has exercised that gracious ministry, not over a wide field but in the deep and intimate fellowship that has made him deeply loved by an inner circle and left an enduring mark upon the lives of young men who knew him as a friend.

He has gone from us with his quiet courage, his unobtrusive faithfulness in every task, his solid honesty and scorn of humbug, his loyal friendship, his unassuming gifts of mind, his passionate loyalty to Christ, and the work of the Kingdom is the poorer. Such men have, under the hand of God, made our modern missionary movement the wonderful achievement it is; working quietly, too often unrecognised, they have helped to lay the foundations of the Eternal City.

He has gone on to a new job. Thank God for the one he did so well here.

From the Gilbert Islands

IN spite of the serious economic difficulties here, we still have a full school. There are over one hundred boys in the Boys' High School, and nearly eighty girls in the Girls' School, while we have thirty-five students in training for the Native Pastorate, and several wives in the Women's School. The children of the staff of teachers and printers form a Children's School, which is useful as a training school for our students.

Many of our people are very hard up, and the few scholarships kindly provided by friends in England are needed many times over. Copra, our only marketable product, has just fallen again to the unprecedentedly low price of £2 16s. per ton. In addition to this trouble we have had no rain on most of the southern islands for nearly two years, so there are very few coconuts available. Many of our scholars received only a few shillings from their families on the recent half-yearly visitation, and several received nothing at all.

In the course of visiting the islands, we found the churches for the most part standing well, but in some islands there is a wave of resurgent paganism due apparently in some cases to the impression that Government, because it protects pagans in the practice of their special ritual and magic, is in favour of the old heathen practices rather than of Christianity. Our teachers are doing their best to stem this tide, and better news is

coming from some islands. One of the most encouraging features of the situation is the plucky way many of our teachers are holding on in spite of some privation, and in spite of the fact that we are no longer able to make up their salaries to the minimum of £10 per annum—many of them now receiving only a few pounds from their villages in these days of want.

In the last few days several of our boys here have come forward to express their desire to follow and to serve Jesus Christ. This, after all, is the centre and focus of all our work, and we rejoice. God is working in the lives of His people here, and bringing them into His Kingdom.

(From G. H. Eastman and Mrs. Eastman.)

Swanwick Conference—August 18th to 24th

Applications are coming in steadily for the Swanwick Conference, August 18th to 24th, at The Hayes, Swanwick, Derbyshire, but there must be many who have decided to come whose registration forms have not yet been forwarded to Livingstone House. In a very short time we must know how many to expect at the Conference, and it will greatly relieve the organisation at Headquarters if you send your forms in immediately.

If you are sending delegates, we will gladly reserve a place for them on receipt of the registration fee of 5s.; the balance, £2 12s. 6d., can be paid at the Conference. Total, £2 17s. 6d.

Applications to Miss Joyce Rutherford, Livingstone House, Broadway, S.W.1.

THE AUGUST CHRONICLE.—Next month's issue of this magazine will be the Report Number, and will be almost wholly given to brief accounts of the activities in each L.M.S. field during 1933. It will take the place of the small popular edition of the Annual Report, which was formerly issued to subscribers.

The Churches, Ourselves and the Task

WHAT are we Christian for? It used to be charged against a certain type of piety that its professors were so concerned with the saving of their own souls that they had neither time nor thought for the souls of others. The charge was often enough unfounded, but where it was true the piety concerned was not Christian piety. The valid proof of faith's devotion is the outgoing of the spirit in sympathy and help. There is no Christian life apart from some form of service. Even the weakest serve by prayer. The Divine purpose but begins with the salvation of the individual; it can never end there. Every Christian is the servant of men, as his Master was. When we accept Christ as Master our lives are put into commission. The Will of God is purposeful towards all men, and His children are set in a responsible relationship towards all mankind. The acceptance of this responsibility would go far towards settling most of the major problems of our world.

It is the same for the Christian Church. Our membership of Christ's Church is not a way of avoiding individual responsibility, but a means for discharging it more effectively. No one has any right to escape personal duty by claiming that it is "the business of the Church." Any concern of the Church is equally the business of all the people who make up the Church, and every one of its failures runs back again into the lives of the members. For our churches are the corporate agencies of Christian individuals who combine to make their spiritual lives effective in worship and service. Every church is thereby responsible for the work of God in

the world, and by its very constitution is committed to world service. The tendency to feel a lessened responsibility for others, whether they be far or near, because we stand in a Church connection is quite unworthy and vitally wrong. No one can lessen individual responsibility by Church membership. God never lets us lose ourselves in the crowd. Fellowship should increase effectiveness, not lessen it.

How false, then, becomes the suggestion sometimes made that a Church is doing too much for others! That distinction between "ourselves" and "others" is surely one that a Christian should never make. The Christian orientation is all-inclusive, and there can be no "outside objects" in God's plan. It is well to remember who it was that once asked, "to what purpose is this waste?" No Church can ever be doing too much for the salvation of men, and never weakens itself in the essential things by too great a zeal in giving. Weakness for many of us too often lies in the opposite direction. "Love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice, and whoso giveth most has most to give." Will not our churches as they consider what more they can do for the bringing of men to Christ through the work of their missionaries fortify themselves for the things that matter most by keeping this thought in their minds? A decision to go forward with the work of God might be the beginning of a great spiritual recovery for us.

This thing cannot happen apart from an act of re-dedication. We have to get rid



In *Dopima Creek*, where *Chalmers* and *Tomkins* died, 1901.

of the "third party risk" idea and make the dedication our own. Things do not move of themselves. That prayer of the Chinese Christians has value for us at this time, "Lord, revive Thy Church, beginning with me." The barriers to missionary advance in our home churches are not chiefly in the realm of finance or of policy, but in our own hearts. If we could be more conscious of the wonder of God's love we should be ready to attempt greater things for Him. The deficiency in last year's

L.M.S. finance is not so much a matter for criticism as for self-examination. The human channel between the loving Will of God and the dire need of man has somehow to be made more adequate and effective. Our holiday months of July and August give us an opportunity to think quietly and sincerely about these things and to return to our work in September with a renewed determination to give ourselves through our churches to the greatest task that life affords. N. B.

"Builders of the Indian Church"*

MOST of our readers would be able to give some account of Carey and Duff; but how many of us know what de Nobile or Schwartz did for the Church of Christ in India? What does it matter, some will enquire, what they did? Why look backwards? The answer to such questions will be found in this splendid little book. The author, who wrote for us "Out of Bondage," has now applied his masterly scholarship to the history of the Church in India; this does not mean that he has left the practical concerns of missionary work for the theoretical; far from it! He sees clearly, and makes it clear that the Church of Christ has much to learn in its present problems from the story of the great leaders in other days. Not to consider them is to lose the revenues of the ages. It may be like the policy of those who go down blind alleys, at the opening of which are warnings, which they are too busy to read. It is not practical to be so busy that we cannot read the warning, "No road!" which others have written for our instruction.

Chapter by chapter Mr. Neill takes some leading figure in the story; traces his life in a fascinating age; shows how the same problems are found to-day which he found, and then tries to discover what his experience gives us of warning or encouragement.

It is our purpose to tell our readers that they must read this for themselves. It will be worth their while to buy this book, if

only to be acquainted with Schwartz; but there are many others here; and there is also a challenge to us in our fellowship who belong in spirit to the Church in India, to use the wisdom of the past that we may better serve the India of to-day.



In pursuit of holiness—pilgrims in Benares.

* By STEPHEN NEILL. (L.M.S., 2s., postage 2d.)

THE AWAKENING OF THE SUDRAS. In the Telugu-speaking districts of South India there is a general movement towards Christianity among the Sudras; whole groups of caste people appear to be affected, and the possibilities are being keenly realised by the Missionaries and Directors, who ask for prayer on behalf of the movement.



A doubled part

WE had a double christening service while Mr. Cocker Brown was with us, and John was baptised along with six black babies. He thought it great fun, as he thinks everything, but I found it hectic as I had to translate Mr. Brown's words of exhortation to us parents, and then dash down and take my place with the other proud fathers.

(Norman Porritt, Senga.)

Honoured by the King

In the Birthday Honours List, published on June 4th, there appeared the name of Sowani Puamau, Esq., First Native Medical Practitioner, Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony, upon whom the M.B.E. distinction has been conferred. Puamau is a native of Fiji, trained there by the Government doctor and sent to the Gilbert Islands as part of the much appreciated Government medical service.

An Editor in Jail

On Christmas Day, as usual, in the early afternoon, young men of the Church took special music into the jail by permission for the twenty or more Christians there. At the same time I had promised to baptise there the man who had shown himself an earnest enquirer at the time of the feast given to the prisoners in the autumn. I found he was the editor of a Tamil paper, and was a political prisoner for the fifth time. His wife had also been arrested but subsequently released. He had leisure for reading in jail, and being a matriculate was able to read English books, which was a great advantage for range of study. I was rather nonplussed when he turned up for baptism with hands chained to his legs, for that meant insubordination. I hedged a little, reminding him that by becoming a Christian he was not to expect any special privileges in jail. I also put the

matter to his fellow prisoners, who had no doubts upon the matter.

I was immensely relieved afterwards to learn that the chains were due to a warm discussion between him and the Hindu jailer upon the respective merits of Christianity and Hinduism, in which probably zeal had outrun discretion. I did not enquire too closely.

He came to see me on his release before going to see his father, who belongs to a robber caste, and who is very angry at his becoming a Christian. I hope he will turn out well, as he also took the first part of my name for his own in baptism.

So they come by ones in the towns and by mass movements in the villages. But are we keeping pace with the natural growth of the population? And is the Church good enough to attract and hold. The task before us is still overwhelmingly tremendous.

(From R. Robertson, Coimbatore.)

Justice in Samoa

Chief Judge Luxford delivered judgment in Samoa last March on the eight charges of offences against the Seditious Organisations Regulations which O. F. Nelson had been called upon to answer.

Nelson was found guilty on every count, sentenced to eight months' imprisonment (concurrently) in respect of each offence and exiled from Samoa for ten years.

Percy Andrews, editor and publisher of the *Guardian*, had used remarks about the Samoans' readiness to find money for their churches and being less ready to give it for the political schemes advocated by him and by Nelson. Judge Luxford drew attention to this "sneering reference to the Samoans' love for their churches."

Contrasts

We went out to a village about sixteen miles from Hweian to join the pastor and preachers in that group of six churches in a

series of open-air and other special meetings. We split up into two groups and visited quite a number of the surrounding villages. In some of these the men still wear pigtails, and many of the women are bound-footed, and dye their finger-nails with henna.

(A. J. Hutchinson, *Hweian*.)

* * *

At our Speech Day in March, the drill-mistress was responsible for two items on the programme. One was a Chinese dance in old-fashioned costume and very graceful, with appropriate music played by the gramophone. The other was an exhibition of "Pyramid Building." It was most interesting to see how those Junior Middle School girls mounted up on each others' hips and shoulders, and with what cheerfulness they took the bumps that were inevitable when a pyramid collapsed. The girls would dearly have liked to appear in white flannel trousers and smart little "middies" (in which, I must confess, they really did look charming), and were somewhat grieved when we said that they must be content to wear the ordinary costume of the Chinese girl which they usually wear for drill. It gave me something of a jolt to realise how much less "modern" I am than my Chinese pupils!

(Dorothy Hutchinson, *Ying Wa Girls' School, Hong Kong*.)

Roused to Effort

I heard an interesting account of the good that may be accomplished by earnest evangelistic effort. Several preachers apparently failed to secure any results, as the men they addressed said that they had no use for that kind of teaching. However, a few weeks later a man presented himself at one of the near churches and proclaimed himself as a believer in Jesus, stating that when the preachers were discouraged by the lack of attention on the part of the men mentioned above, he was confined in a room within earshot, helpless in sickness and despair. He was very poor and his recovery seemed out of the question, and no one thought it worth while endeavouring to prolong his life. When he heard the preachers telling of Jesus who loved the hopeless and useless people, he was filled with wonder and hope. On this he began to feel capable of a little effort, and got himself some food, and his health and strength gradually returned. He realised that there was hope for him, and his trust had not been in vain. Now he had come to testify against those people who had stood around finding fault with the preachers' message that might have saved their souls, while through prayer and faith he had experienced salvation of body and soul.

(From A. J. Hutchinson, of *Hweian, South China*.)

Kagawa on Peace

"MY nation is constantly breaking the Law of Love towards the Middle Kingdom. It has made me very sad. I myself love China as I love Japan. And for a long time I have been praying for the speedy coming of peace in China. It causes me intolerable shame to reflect upon the violence that Japanese militarism has done and is doing in China, in spite of all my prayers.

"If only Japan will repent, and establish and keep permanent friendship with China! There is no other way than by the Law of Love. Nay, not only in the relations between China and Japan—and if we hope for a progressive uniting of all the cultures of the nations and races of the whole world, there is no other way than through the principle of redemptive love. The law of redemptive love is the fundamental law of the universe. Kropotkin's instinctive love is not enough.

Instinctive love does not transcend race. It is the redemptive love that Christ lived and practised that alone transcends race. This type of redemptive love must grow in us, and acquire the consciousness of the universe, and labour to save most unhappy peoples in the world. Since the Japanese nation was unable to taste that great redemptive love, I suffer the sorrows of the Prophet Jeremiah. Forgive us! You sons of Confucius and Moh-ts, forgive us in the name of your great peace-loving sages. Some day the Japanese will cast away sword and gun and awaken to the love of the Cross. Just now I can think of nothing but to beseech your pardon. And there is an uncounted number of young souls in Japan who, like myself, are asking for pardon, this is my message to Chinese brothers who may read this book." (A preface written by Dr. Kagawa to the Chinese translation of "Love, the Law of Life.")

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